DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 6 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

THE HIGH PRIEST

Any of our readers by turning to Exodus xxviii will find a description of the holy garments made for Aaron the high priest, that he might minister unto the Lord. The Mosaic priesthood was the inheritance of Aaron and his family, of the tribe of Levi. The priests of the Mosiac law stood as mediators between God and the people. Their duties consisted in offering sacrifice for the people, preparing the shewbread, burning incense, tending the lights of the sanctuary in the Temple, and instructing the people, attending to the daily offerings, and enforcing the laws regarding uncleanness, &c., outside. From the crucifixion of Christ may be dated the decline of the priestly office of the Jews, which may be said to have practically ceased at the destruction of the Temple forty years later.

THE HIGH PRIEST.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Many a cottage home on the estate of a nobleman, in the south of England, was made glad last Christmas through a gift sent from the hall to each tenant's and laborer's family of a copy of "Moody's Addresses," revised by himself. In one of these cottages the husband and wife had been in the habit, year after year, of spending their Christmas-day in riotous company, but the sight of the new book awakened their interest and curiosity, so they stayed at home all day to read it. A few days later, a Bible-woman, who had often felt discouraged in her former visits, called again at the door. To her surprise she received a warm welcome from the waggoner's wife, in whose changed face, beaming with peace and joy, she could hardly recognize the woman who, from the violence of her temper and her love of strong drink, had been a terror to the village. The story of the change was soon told. "That blessed book," said Mrs ——, "has led both me and my husband to seek the Lord. Every evening now he reads to me out of it, and the other night he stopped in the middle of his reading, and, with the tears running down his cheeks, asked me to pray with him." Then, for the first time in her life, she heard him pray. "for," added she, "when my prayer was ended, he prayed such a beautiful prayer himself, that I could only weep and sob at his side." The husband had served for thirty years on the estate. he was a quiet, temperate man, but of a dull, dead nature, apparently without a thought beyond minding his horses,—he never even would enter a church. Now the whole village is astonished at the change, for he and his wife are both humbly living for Jesus, and full of joy in the great salvation His grace has brought to them.—*J.*, in "*Hargreaves et Jones*" *for March.*

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF SILENCE.

Mark, that if the Church is not prepared to lift up her testimony against the drink curse, she is prepared to stand silently by while thousands of drunkards are perishing upon every side. Do not say I am uncharitable. It is her position now. If she is not prepared to array herself against the drink curse, there is no lack of charity in saying for it is the truth that she is prepared to remain indifferent while drunkards perish in thousands on every side. If it is true, then we raise the most momentous question. Why is it she occupies such an anomalous position? Now, I ask, where is the answer! Is it because she is more interested in the drink system than in the salvation of a drink-cursed community? God forbid that we should be forced to accept this dreadful alternative, yet it appears to me as if there was no escape if she remains indifferent and remains actively supporting the system. I ask where is there escape from this dreadful conclusion? I do not say that I insist that is the only conclusion. But if there is any other explanation, let us have it in defence of her anomalous position. I submit, then, we have made out our case—that this drink curse is one of the greatest evils that ever afflicted the world. We have made out our case, that of all the questions which agitate society, there is not one which is to be compared with the solution of this drink question. We have proved that drinking is on the increase, and that there are forces at work most ominous, both for the Church and the State, in the future. I appeal to all interested in the well-being of the Church, to use their influence to bring her to the front, and induce her to proclaim war, along the whole line, against this destroyer. Let her rush between the living and the dead, so that this terrible plague be stayed. Let the Church realize her position and act a part worthy her sacred mission. Then, with the love of God in her heart, and the smile of heaven upon her brow, she will be able to summon Omnipotence into the field, and sweep away, as chaff before the whirlwind, the wealth and influence of the drink power. *Emilie Lewis.*

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE.—Mr Moody in the farewell services in New York said." Now, the eyes of the whole Christian world are on New York at the present time, just looking to see what you Christians are going to do. If the work stops now don't say it is our fault; it is your own. We have had no false excitement here. We just simply preached the Gospel. Now, if it stops bear in mind that it is your fault, because you do not take it up and carry it on. There are thousands in this audience who have as much ability and talent as I or Mr Sankey have. God holds you responsible for your influence, and every man or woman has an influence over some one.

Temperance Department.

CHELLEYVILLE'S SALOON.

BY L. E. THOMAS.

All day the clouds had gathered, and all day had the drear winds of November blown in fitful gusts through the streets of a town in the far West. At nightfall the wind grew even more piercing, and moaned even more dismally, and that evening the darkness came without any warning, for all the glory of the sunset lay on top of the impenetrable clouds, and not one little beam of light found its way through them to the little dingy town. At last, the gloomy clouds drew nearer to the sympathizing earth and wept out their pent-up sorrows, and the dismal winds groaned through crevices, and wise heads came to bright windows and predicted a stormy night.

Pretty much as all other places, the little town of Chelleyville had its bitter and sweet thoroughly mixed, and on this night, some of its homes were little Edens of comfort and joy, while others had ghastly visitors of grief and disappointment. One of them is a little brown house amid the trees. All is quiet within and without,—save the storm.

A feeble fire is blazing in one of the rooms, and before it sit an aged couple, the old lady rocking silently to and fro in her chair, while the old man sits by her side gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

The room is lonesome and poorly furnished. On the table, a tallow candle sends the shadows dancing off to the corners.

"He'll be twenty-five to-morrow," said the old man, seemingly to himself.

"Yes, twenty-five!" repeated the old lady, ceasing the vibrations of the chair. "Why doesn't he come? He promised to be here an hour before this!" and she went to the window, but she could not see for the darkness, and there was no sound but the beating of the rain on the glass, and she returned to the chair with a face that betrayed a heavy heart.

"It's no use, mother; he won't come."

"But, Joseph, thee knows he promised to come, and it's so stormy to-night, he surely won't stay," she answered hopefully.

"But the habit, Mary,—that cannot be broken by a rain-storm, and his appetite is too strong to yield to a promise." The old lady sighed, but made no reply, and the silence for another hour was only broken by the rocking of the old chair, and the rain and wind outside in the night. By and by, the night train went rumbling past, rousing the old man from his reverie, and he said:

"It was all folly, mother, perfect folly, for us to come West to reform Frederick, we have sacrificed our home and comfort, and he is even a worse drunkard than before!"

"Yes, but, Joseph, thee knows how earnest he was, and how hard he tried to leave off drinking; and how he begged us to come with him here, beyond the reach of the tempter, he thought. And thee knows how happy thee and I began to be, even here, when he came home so sober every night, and began to seem like himself again, till that accursed saloon was established—ours!"

"But I tell thee, Mary there's no hope now, he's got the habit and the appetite, and he's indulged it so long he'll never be rid of it. No, no, Fred is a drunkard, and there'll be no joy nor comfort for thee and me till we are in the grave!" moaned the old man, bowing his head

to the arm of his chair with pitiful hopelessness.

"Don't, father, don't;" pleaded the old lady, the tears creeping down the wrinkles in her cheeks. "God has worked greater miracles than taking this awful appetite away from our poor boy." And so the night wore on and the candle burned very low. The skies became calmer and the rain had almost ceased falling, while the old people watched and waited by the fire. At last they went to bed, leaving Fred's supper still on the table and placing a match by the side of the remnant of the candle.

When morning came, the power of the poison having worn itself (and almost its victim) out, Fred roused himself from his drunken slumbers, and started home, nearer rationality than he had been for some time before. Slowly and tremblingly he picked his way along the streets, not even raising his eyes to the passers-by—many of them his old companions going to their work; and oh! what a living lesson he must have been to them, a miserable wreck of manhood, instead of the lively, noble friend of a few months previous!

"Young Harding has gone in for good, I guess," remarked one merchant to another. "There's no use trying to make anything out of him now."

"It's a burning shame," returned the other; "it seems to me if they had taken it in time, they might have saved him. He's a capital fellow, if it wasn't for that accursed rum! Before Garney put up his saloon here, there wasn't a harder-working, nobler fellow in town."

"Has he a family?"

"Only an old father and mother, who are tottering over the grave. He's the only child they have living, and they say it's nigh killing the old man. He was engaged to be married to Ella Brighton, but she wouldn't have him when he got to be such a sot."

But Fred had reached home by this time, and entering the room where the old people sat the night before, he found the table still spread with his supper; and the tea still warm on the stove. His face became even more haggard when he noticed these little marks of loving care, and he only murmured, "It's no use!"

The old people still were sleeping, and Fred sat in the old arm-chair, thinking, with his face buried in his hands, till they awoke. Finding him at home they hastily rose, and entered the room. Fred raised his head as they greeted him, but he could not bear the mournful pity in his father's dim eyes, nor the caressing touch of his mother's hand. After a while, he said:

"Mother, father;—it's no use! Here you have been up all night, waiting for me. You must not do it! You must not care for me. It's no use, I'm not worthy of it! It's too late—I'm lost—lost!"

"Don't talk so, my son, don't;—no, no, you are not lost! You remember the desperate thief on the cross; he was saved, Fred,—saved!"

"O, father, he was not a drunkard. He had a soul. I've drowned mine—in rum! I am ruined and lost. Yesterday morning I promised you, *mother*, never to touch it again; oh, it's no use!" and the bitter tears came from the bleared eyes, and harder hearts, it seems to me, than a rumseller's must have melted had they witnessed the grief of the aged parents, and heard their sobs of despair and wretchedness.

"Ah! mother, Ella was right. She was right and wise," said Fred, after a while. "She said it was burning me up! I would have been a brutish husband! What disgrace and misery she has escaped! She should thank God for this deliverance. But why didn't she—why didn't you, mother, keep me from it before it was too late? Why did they let me have it? Why did I taste it? It's too late, it's burning me up!"

Meanwhile the conversation between the two merchants progressed somewhat as follows:

"Isn't there any way to get Garney out of Chelleyville, and put an end to his contemptible business?"

"I don't believe there's any use in trying that, Hawley," returned Mr. Hawke; "and, besides, he owns the saloon and lot it stands on, and he's got a license, and I don't see where you can touch him."

"Still, he doesn't make much, and we might prevail on him to pull up stakes, and try his luck somewhere else."

"No, he doesn't make much, there are few men in this berg that would patronize such an establishment. Still he might as well keep up the traffic here as anywhere, if he must sell liquor."

"Now, Mr. Hawke, I do not agree with you there; now see here; if the people in every town should say as you have said, to every saloon-keeper that made his appearance,—'just as well sell the stuff here as anywhere else,'—things would stand pretty much as they do now,—saloons everywhere; but suppose every town had a club of influential men, who would refuse to admit of a single saloon being established,—well, the difference would soon show itself, that's all!"

"Well, if all the influential men in the world were such as you, Mr. Hawley, I don't doubt but your scheme might succeed. But you know people in our country do as they please, in regard to trades and professions mostly. But if you want to try some of your plans on Garney and Chelleyville, count me in for all that I can do!"

"Good, Mr. Hawke, here's my pledge that we'll try to rout Garney!" exclaimed Hawley, springing from his seat and extending his hand to Hawke.

"And mine!" said Hawke, grasping it firmly in his. So it was arranged that Hawley should see Garney in the course of the day, and find out his business standing and intentions, and report to his colleague in the evening.

As Hawley walked up the street to the saloon he felt as if he was going to the gallows almost; it wasn't any trifling matter to be seen walking into a grog-shop, and poor Hawley fancied a face staring at him from every window, and that every one he met cast malevolent glances at him, and he hardly dared to raise his eyes, and even pictured himself called up before his brethren in the church, to account for this visit to Garney's saloon. Even the sign over the door seemed to stare at him maliciously, and he could scarcely reconcile himself to pass under it to the saloon. But the thought that folks would find out, should he succeed, carried him along over these obstacles, and he was soon conversing with the good-natured, corpulent Garney. Hawley's ardor cooled a little when Garney assured him he was perfectly contented; liked Chelleyville first-rate; didn't want to sell; plenty of business—getting better every day!

"Then I couldn't buy you out?"

"Don't want to sell; lot'll be worth twice as much when the new railroad comes through—couldn't think of selling."

"Well, never mind—just thought I'd run down and make you an offer; but who's that yonder? Is he sick?" said Hawley, pointing to a boy's form stretched upon a dirty lounge in a corner of the room.

"No, he's not sick, only taking a nap; it's George McKee," replied Garney, uneasily, for it was plain to see that the boy was dead drunk. Hawley said no more, but walked down the street toward Hawke's emporium, to the great relief of the rumseller. Hawley suddenly changed his course, however, and walked briskly back to his own office. Going to his desk he wrote hurriedly over half a page of "legal-cap" and, after reading it carefully over twice, signed his name, folded it, and put it in his vest pocket with a sigh of satisfaction. Then taking his hat he hurried out to dinner.

Toward evening, in a private talk with Hawke, he related his conversation with Garney, and produced the writing, which Hawke read aloud as follows:

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Chelleyville, do hereby agree and resolve that no saloon, grog-shop, or liquor establishment of any kind whatever, shall be permitted to carry on its disgraceful and contemptible trade in the village of Chelleyville, on and after Saturday next, November 18, 187—, for a period of five years;—and it is further resolved and agreed that we will use every possible means to eradicate any such institution that is, or may be, established in said village of Chelleyville; and we also agree and resolve to insist upon the immediate removal or closing of B. F. Garney's saloon; and the proprietor of said establishment is hereby informed that no harsh means will be used previous to specified date, but after said date, we emphatically declare that no intoxicating beverage shall be sold by any citizen of Chelleyville."

"Good," exclaimed Hawke; "but I confess I fail to see exactly your plan; and how you'll make this half-page of 'legal-cap' cause Garney to get up and dust, and turn these half dozen carousing tipplers into decent human beings, I don't precisely understand!" laughed Mr. Hawke.

"Why just easily enough," replied Hawley, too much absorbed in his plans to notice Hawke's levity; "you see I shall get every honorable man in town to sign this paper, and then present it to Garney, in a way that will impress it upon his mind; I don't know just how yet."

"But, Hawley, would such a proceeding be legal?"

"Legal? I'd like to know what I care for legal if I get Garney routed! I'll warrant it will be law enough in his comprehension!

"Well, you always have a way and a remedy for everything: here's my name and I sincerely hope you may cure Garney, or rather Chelleyville, but I haven't much faith!"

That evening the half page of "legal-cap" was produced in many a home, and read by many enquiring eyes, while the enthusiasm of Hawley stirred up the minds of his listeners to an earnest regard for his attempt, and down went name after name, and every signer felt as if there was a great battle about to be fought, and he was one of its heroes. When Hawley with some trepidation knocked at Harding's door, it was late in the evening; he hardly knew what the consequence of his visit might be here, but he felt his principal victory lay in getting Fred Harding's name, so he resolved to venture. The door was opened by the trembling hand of the old man, and he was led to a seat by the fire, for the evening was of a freezing temperature without. Fred was pillowed up in the arm-chair, looking very miserable, indeed; he only nodded to Hawley and extended his hand.

"Why, Fred, you look sick!"

"I am," he replied, "sick of everything!"

"Have you been home all day?"

"Yes, for once, Hawley, I've sat here all day, and been cared for and worked for as though I were worth it!"

"Well, Fred, I'm glad you're at home. I've spent the greater part of the day in fixing up a concern for you to sign. See, I've got the names of more than half the town to it now! It'll be a capital affair, when we get the finishing touches on! Read it, and then down with your name." Poor old Mrs. Harding looked anxiously over Fred's shoulder, hoping to see "Pledge" printed at the top, but no title had been prefixed, and she waited in silence while Fred perused it. He finished it and handed it to his father without a word.

Mr. Harding read it aloud in a trembling tone, and then in a lower voice, each name attached; then, taking the proffered pencil, slowly and carefully inscribed his name.

"Now, Fred," said Hawley, here's the place for yours; come, we must have it."

"No, Hawley, I can't do it; you are strong enough without me."

"But, Fred, I count your name worth more than half the others!"

"Wait, Hawley; I can't do it!"

"Now, Fred, you know what an influence your name will have on my list, and I say you are wrong to withhold it! Now think half a minute; if you sign this and we get Garney out, you will be happy, your parents will be happy, and I shall be happy! And then think of the misery manufactured by Garney's saloon! Young men who have never yet tasted will become wretched topers—many happy homes must soon become hovels of poverty; noble men go down—"

"Hawley! Hawley! don't for the sake of pity tell that all over—I know it now well enough—better than you ever will—every bit of it! I will sign my name, and if nothing more, it will show that the right spirit is willing; and oh, if you get the poison clear away it might be—" he did not finish the sentence, but hastily added his name to the list. This pledge seemed to have awakened a new life in Fred: and a half hour's conversation with Hawley, and the plans and prospect of the good times in future days seemed to wonderfully lift the gloom from the little house in the trees, and the old people began to feel as if a little of the joy of our existence could be tasted on the earth!

While Hawley and his "half page of legal-cap" were traversing the steets on that cold evening, little knew Garney of the conspiracy against him working its way from home to home, and I daresay, he might have been flattered, had he known the simple fact that more than half the town were much concerned to-night in his prosperity.

But the work went on and grew stronger, nor even his dreams betrayed trouble!

The next day was Thursday, and in the evening a complement of Hawley's best signers went in procession to B. F. Garney's saloon. The building was lighted up magnificently, and through the glass doors two or three of his old customers were seen loafing about and talking loudly, when Hawley knocked. Garney opened the door, and in his most cordial tone invited Hawley and Hawke in; they only nodded to his congratulations and walked with firm steps to the other end of the room, followed by their companions till the room was full. Garney's surprise knew no bounds and was expressed in many and severe expletives, but the men kept perfectly cool and Garney became more and more frightened, and his companions slunk off into shady corners. Hawley took off his hat, and stepping upon a box opposite Garney, produced the paper afore-mentioned, while Garney stood perfectly mute and spell-bound—his head a dizzy whirl with memories of all the mobs he had ever heard of; and buckets of tar and feathers, and various things seemed to spread out before him in a perplexing jumble. Mr. Hawley began.

"Mr. Garney, we have taken the liberty to call upon you this evening to get your assistance in the transaction of some business of very great import to our town. We hope you will not hesitate to aid us all in your power, since we are obliged to have your coincidence."

Garney was relieved. He stepped forward, and with a low bow said: "At your service, gentlemen; shall be most happy to aid you. Is it a railroad?" here a laugh from some of the company threw him into confusion again, and great drops of sweat found their way to his temples.

"No, Mr. Garney, it's of greater importance to Chelleyville than a railroad, even," said Edward Brighton, rising; "it is just an honest request from honest men, and we hope you will give it a candid consideration; our town, you know, has had no peer for morality and harmony until within the past few months, and after a critical investigation of affairs, we conclude that *rum* is the cause of all the present disturbance! And there is not another roof in town that shelters the poison but this, Mr. Garney! You know its effect—and I shall not attempt to portray the wretchedness you are daily bringing upon your fellow-beings! You know the number of souls you are drawing in the accursed fire;—and now we ask you to desist, and hope you will not compel us to employ harsh measures;—Mr. Hawley will read our article of agreement." Mr. Hawley unfolded the paper and read in clear, concise language the half page of "legal-cap," and slowly and with emphasis, every name appended. "You have heard our protest and pledge, and now we wait your reply!"

Silence ensued for several minutes. Garney stood in a sulky mood, his face burning from the excitement. After a while he said:

"Why didn't you say so at first? Here I've carried on my business peacefully enough, for most a year, and now you come to me and say you count yourselves too respectable to have a saloon in your town! No, sirs, I shall carry on my shop until I'm satisfied I can better myself elsewhere!"

"Which will be before Saturday!" said one of the party.

"We confess, we have not objected as soon as we should," replied Hawley, "but you have heard the law of Chelleyville for the next five years."

"Couldn't you give a fellow a little chance—just a month or two?"

"You have heard the law."

"Just a week then?"

"The law reads 'Saturday, Nov. 18.'"

"I can't do it no way—I'd lose everything I've got!"

"There's no need of that, we'll pay you what your liquors cost you, and you can keep your house and lot if you'll promise never to sell intoxicating drinks here again." The rumseller meditated a minute or so, and then said in a savage voice: "I've a right to sell liquor here as long as I've a license."

"Speaking of your license, Mr. Garney, reminds me of the fact that when I called yesterday I saw young McKee here, dead drunk, and half the men here know that you sell liquor to him; furthermore, we are positive that he is only nineteen years of age, while your license forbids your selling to minors; and Garney, if you want to save yourself considerable trouble, you had better just sign your name to this paper, and give up the business now and forever. You can make a good living here at your old trade,—keeping a bakery. And you know the penalty of violating your license; here is the paper; sign it and you shall receive the full value of your liquors from the town treasury." Garney was scared, and it was evident that Hawley had pulled the right line, that time, for Garney after a little grumbling and hesitating, signed Hawley's "half-page of legal cap," and the saloon fairly shook, and the liquors trembled in their casks and decanters, as cheer after cheer was given by the enthusiastic witnesses. A computation was made and an order drawn on the town treasury for the full value of Garney's liquors.

"Gentlemen, I move we celebrate next Saturday, as a day of rejoicing for Chelleyville!" cried Edward Brighton.

"Second the motion!" said Garney.—The vote was unanimous for a celebration, and a ringing cheer was given for Garney. "And I move," said Hawke, "that we take all the rum we've bought of friend Garney to-night, and follow it in procession that day, to Black Swamp, and empty it in the bogs!" Seconds to this motion rang simultaneously from all parts of the room. The sign over the door was taken down and laid on the counter, the doors of the saloon locked and the keys given to Hawley for keeping until Saturday;—and after many hearty "good-nights" the company dispersed.—*Morning Star.*

— It is believed that the Government have accepted the principle of Sir Harcourt Johnstone's bill for depriving grocers of their spirit licenses. The facilities afforded by licensed grocers have been the occasion of many evils, and this step of the Government will tend to the diminution of drinking and drunkenness, more especially among the female portion of the population.—*League Journal.*

Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?

1 PETER, 3. 13.

Agricultural Department.

GRASS LANDS

Speaking of permanent pastures, Prof. Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural College, remarks: "Among all the nations of the earth, none, that I am aware of, have given so much and so careful attention to pastures and meadows as our friends of the British Isles. Rent is there very high. To be a successful farmer, everything must be done to the best advantage. Slip shod farming there will not afford a living, as it often does in our newer country. Although they follow out a certain rotation of crops, and are able to give good reasons for such rotations, yet they are nearly, if not quite, unanimous in keeping a part of the farm in permanent pasture or meadow. The longer a piece has been seeded the better it suits them. According to their belief and practice, a pasture never becomes very good until it has been seeded six or more years. In their opinion, 'it is certainly undesirable to break up tolerably good pastures for the purpose of converting them into arable land.' It is the general belief, so far as I can learn, that permanent pasture, when properly managed, yields a better quality of grass or hay than one newly seeded, and that the quantity does not diminish with the age of the pasture."

The Country Gentleman says: The same opinion prevails in this country with pastures on rich alluvium, but our drier climate somewhat modifies the conditions for the success of permanent grass lands. On dry uplands, the grass crop, whether for meadow or pasture, is more apt to diminish after a few years, unless heavily top-dressed with fertilizers, which, in order to become well diffused by rains among the roots of the plants, must be applied in autumn or winter. We have, however, been led to question whether in this country the same amount of manure applied in enriching a deep, well-prepared soil, sown alone with grass seed at least five times as thick as in common practice, would not produce a fine dense mat of grass, nearly equal to that of the best permanent grass lands. The experiment has never been as thoroughly tried by way of a test experiment as it should be. Even in moist and cool England, a continued application of fertilizers is required to keep up the grass crop.

The varying opinions given by different English authorities quoted by Prof. Beal, furnish additional proof of the well-known fact that special manures give greatly varying results in different localities. J. Dixon, Cheshire, says:

"After 20 years of experience I have no hesitation in pronouncing bones to be preeminent above all other manures for the improvement of grass lands, when permanency as well as cost are considered." He is decidedly in favor of raw bones, ground and applied in early spring. He cites one case treated with broken bones 20 years previous, where the effect was still very marked. In one case, about 1,000 pounds of bones to the acre in two years caused the yearly rent of an acre to go from 30 shillings up to 60 shillings, with a greater profit to the tenant. He gives other cases—among them a farm of 160 acres on which the farmer expended £400 sterling worth of bones in a year. The stock formerly kept consisted of 20 cows, and 3 or 4 horses and colts. After treating with bones the fields pastured 43 cows, 16 head of young stock, 5 horses, and 4 colts, and one-fourth of the farm in tillage. Similar results were produced on almost every farm in the neighborhood.

Prof. Voelcker modifies this view by remarking: "The effects produced by the application of bone dust to pastures are very variable. On the porous land of Cheshire and similar soils on the red sandstone formation the result is very striking. On land which is wet and cold and rests on a poor, undrained subsoil, bones often produce no effect." He recommends, in all cases, a trial on a small scale.

Clement Cadle states that he has seen bones do no good whatever, and says that it is impossible to tell with certainty what fertilizers will do best on any soil till they have been tried. S. H. Thompson, a prominent farmer of York, says that coarsely pulverized bones, with farmyard manure, produce lasting results, often very marked for twenty years, but good barnyard manure is the standard, and never fails to improve grass lands. But in the report for 1875, Mr. Lawes, the most celebrated English experimenter, says: "The application of bones to grass land is not recommended for general adoption. They appear to be chiefly adapted to the exhausted pastures of certain localities. The same is true with lime. Every man must experiment." He adds: "I am disposed to think that a dressing of dung once in 5 years, and 200 pounds of nitrate of soda the other 4 years, is about as good an application as can be used."

Prof. Beal further justly observes:

"Experiments to be of much value must be kept up for a long time. As Prof. Voelcker says, 'Field experiments, in order to be practically useful, should always be tried for a succession of years under as great a variety of conditions as regards soil, time and mode of application, and crops, as possible.' This should be continued from year to year according to the same plan as fixed upon in the previous years. Some of the best experiments made, at great expense, in England, were tried for 20 successive years before arriving at satisfactory conclusions."

PLANK FLOORS RUINOUS TO HORSES.—Cannot some genius invent a kind of stable floor that can be kept clean without too much labor, which will not ruin the feet of horses standing upon it? Our horses have not much to do in the winter season, and we have noticed a tendency in them to become lame, but as they got over it upon driving, we paid but little attention to the matter. The past winter we have kept but one horse, and as a public conveyance ran between our place and office, we have preferred to patronize that, and let our horse stand in the stable. After the sleighing disappeared and the roads became bad he had but little exercise, and we noticed that he was becoming lame. Supposing that he would improve as soon as spring work commenced, we paid but little attention to it, until he became so lame that he could not strike a trot, and his limbs seemed weak and tender, although we could find no sore or tender spot, nor were his limbs swollen. We consulted a veterinary surgeon, who could neither find cause for lameness nor prescribe a remedy. We determined to try an experiment. We made a fence inclosing a small plot of grass, and turned him out, cutting grass for him. Now for the results. For three or four weeks before turning him out he had been getting lamer and lamer, until he became unable to trot. In one week from the time we turned him out he could trot off quite lively, and now he has nearly recovered. He seemed to be lame in every foot, and especially in his hind feet, and we have no doubt that standing idle on a plank floor caused his hoofs to become dry, hard and contracted, so that they pressed upon the tender frog. If any of our readers know of a substitute for plank floors, that will obviate the difficulties we have presented, we should be glad to hear from them.—*American Rural Home.*

DANGER OF WHIPPING HORSES.—In his work on the "Education of Horses," Prof. Magner says: I would caution those who train or use horses against exciting the ill-will of the animal. Many think they are doing finely, and are proud of their success in horse-training, by means of severe whipping or otherwise rousing and stimulating the passions, and then, from necessity, crushing the will, through which the resistance is prompted. No mistake can be greater than this, and there is nothing so fully exhibits the ability, judgment and skill of the real horseman, as the care and tact displayed in winning instead of repelling the action of the mind. The affections and better nature must be appealed to in training a horse, as well as in training a child. A reproof may be intended for the good of the child, but if only the passions are excited the effect is depraving and injurious. This is a vital principle, and can be disregarded in the management of sensitive, courageous horses, only at the imminent risk of spoiling them. I have known many horses of naturally gentle character to be spoiled by being whipped once, and one horse that was made vicious by being struck with a whip once while standing in his stall. I have referred to these instances to show the danger of rough treatment, and the effect that may easily be produced by ill-usage, especially with fine blood horses and those of a highly nervous temperament. Many other cases might be cited, as such are by no means uncommon. Sensitive horses should never be left after they have been excited by the whip or other means, until calmed down by rubbing or patting the head and neck, and given apples, sugar, or something of which the animal is fond.

TURKEY BREEDING.—A flock of well grown turkeys make such an agreeable addition to the receipts of the farm, and they are often raised with so little trouble, that I wonder at the seeming indifference of so many farmers with reference to them. The rules for breeding are simple and easily understood, and failures are due to two prominent causes—one, the weather, which, in some seasons, puts at fault the utmost possible care; the other negligence. A hot and dry season is well nigh an essential for success with turkeys. This is so important that it is of little use to be in haste to get turkeys hatched early, as we may do with chickens, though old birds are tough enough, young ones are exceedingly tender. If brought out by the first of June, it will, in most cases, be early enough. Even if they live through such chilly and damp weather as is common in May, they will not grow much until hot weather and bugs come to their relief; but, let them hatch out in June, in weather which drives the breeder to the shade, and little turkeys just enjoy it. they will stretch themselves in the sun and "lay off" with every token of delight. Damp, chilly weather is their ruin; rain abomination, morning dew a poison sure to blight the hopes of inexperienced or careless breeders. Turkeys must be allowed to range very freely to insure success, but not while the grass is wet—that is, during the first two months or so of their lives. After that, one need not be quite so particular. Early turkeys not being advisable, the first litter of eggs from a hen may be reserved for a common hen in May, and the turkey hen be invited to lay a second litter, which she will do if broken up. I think the earliest turkeys do better in any case with a common hen, as she roams less and the chicks become more tractable, and the females from among them make more manageable mothers for next year.—*Rural World.*

THE FARMER'S FRIEND—THE CROW.—The poor crow finds every man's hand against him, notwithstanding the service he does to those who till the ground. If they do not kill him on sight, it is only because he is usually a match for even the most sharp-sighted gunner. He is quite as fond of bugs and worms, and little field mice and young snakes, as he is of the farmer's corn. He is a good policeman about the farmhouse, and drives away the hawk, who can do twice the amount of mischief he is guilty of. He hunts the grass-fields and pulls out the caterpillars and all manner of pests, and probably saves many other crops, if he is hard on the corn. A gentleman had a tame crow who trotted after him as he went out to wage his annual war on the squash bugs. His sable attendant put his head on one side and watched him a few minutes, as if to see how he did it. Comprehending the business, at last, he went for those bugs with a will, and cleared the patch in fine style. He took it for a business the remainder of the season, insuring a fine crop.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

—A Maine farmer, says a correspondent of the Portland *Advertiser*, is sure, from numerous experiments, that crows can count three, and no more than three. "In the centre of the corn field was a small board shanty, and the farmer noticed that whenever he was in this building, although he was quite concealed from the crows, they would never come down to be shot. As soon as he left the field, however, they would come down by hundreds. They could evidently count one. The idea occurred to him to test their further skill in mathematics. The next day he took his son to the shanty, and after a time, sent him home, thinking that after the crows had seen one person leave the field, they would suppose the danger past, and come down. But they wisely kept aloof, and not until after he had himself started for home, did they venture to alight in the corn. The next day he took two persons with him, with the same result. first one person left the field, then another, the crows cawing their approval, but remaining in their safe position, and not until the third person had been seen to depart from the field would the cunning creatures trust themselves within gunshot of the little building. The next day half a dozen persons entered it. Presently one of them went back across the field. The crows mentioned the fact among themselves, but kept their distance, among the trees. Another person went away, with the same result. Directly a third emerged from the building and disappeared. The unhappy crows, having reached the end of their mathematical rope, came down in platoons, to their deferred breakfast, unaware of the three armed enemies still remaining in the building, who at once opened fire upon the poor birds, whose great misfortune was that they were unable to count more than three. This experiment was tried repeatedly, with six, seven and eight persons, but the crows never failed to take the position that there could be no more than three, and when three departed, they invariably descended to their doom."

PREPARATION OF SOIL.—Success in gardening depends largely upon properly preparing the soil in the spring. Simply plowing is not sufficient. It stirs the soil only a few inches in depth and only imperfectly that distance. The use of the spade does the work much more thoroughly and may be extended to any depth desired. A portion of the manure should be spaded in and well mixed with the soil. The work of spading is not a very formidable undertaking: it offers a good opportunity for sedentary persons to take a healthy exercise in the cool of the morning before going to their day's work. One need not confine himself to a single spading of the soil, several will do it no harm, but much good. The more thoroughly the fertilizers are mingled with the soil, the greater will be their effect. Lumps, if there are any in the soil, must be disposed of in some way, either by pulverizing or raking off. Soil should not be worked when wet, for it is then liable to dry in hard lumps. Thorough spading, abundant manuring and repeated raking will secure a good preparation of soil for a successful garden.—*Lewiston Journal.*

DOMESTIC.

GOLD-FISH.

"How beautiful!" she exclaims, as she stands gazing at my window, in which is hanging a globe containing a couple of ruby gold-fish.

"Such a lot of time and trouble it must take to keep them!" declares her companion, at the same time gazing with admiring eyes on the brilliant golden beauties as they float, dive, and execute the most indescribable twists and turns in their crystal palace.

"Yes," replies the first speaker, with an audible sigh, "if I could spare the money, but you know—" and she metaphorically clasps her purse, and with heartless inconsistency turns away from one of the most beautiful of God's creation, and orders that "love" of a bonnet, which you know cost nothing less than five-and-twenty dollars.

When will we learn to discover the true and the beautiful. When will we appreciate the wonders that He has created, and discard the hollow mockeries of to-day. But it is not for me to moralize, and so to my subject.

The first thing, after deciding to keep fish, is to purchase a globe. mine held about three quarts, and cost the enormous sum of one dollar. The globes may be bought of any establishment selling china ware. Be sure and ask for French plate glass, examine carefully, and refuse those containing flaws or irregularities. If you can not afford a globe, or wish to experiment, you can procure one of those old fashioned wide-mouthed candy jars.

The fish, costing five-and-twenty cents apiece, you can get of any bird-fancier. Tear your eyes from the tantalizing beauty of the large fellow's, and select two not longer than three or three and a half inches. (I am supposed to be stocking a globe holding three quarts of water.)

Take a quantity of silver or common white scouring sand, and, after thoroughly cleansing in several courses of water, distribute it on the bottom of the globe to the depth of an inch. Filling the vessel to within half an inch of the top with fresh river water, sink in the sand several or as many pieces of water-plant as your fancy and good judgment dictate, being careful not to crowd the globe, and thus impede the free motions of the inmates.

Any pond or running stream contains numerous varieties of delicate water-plant, which is absolutely necessary in your globe. Slips or cuttings, when fastened in the sand, will soon send out their lovely little branches, adding greatly to the beauty and cleanness of your globe, as well as to the sustenance and longevity of the gold-fish.

Several tadpoles—these are the best of scavengers, and, of course, are necessary; a dozen of water-snails, and one or more "dace" will make your outfit complete, and one of which you will never tire.

We have now come to the most important part of our subject, namely, food. Garden worms, not more than three at one time, cut in fine bits, are greatly relished, and indeed are their chief food. Fresh beef in winter is a good substitute. Bread is not at all deleterious, as is a too common supposition. As fresh-water contains any number of animalcules, never feed your fish oftener than once in two weeks, and when you think their appetite has been appeased, you must change the water.

It is a never-failing sign when the fish will persist in floating around the top in search of air, that the water is impure and the globe needs renewing with fresh water.

Never let the fish hang for any great length of time in the sun, and once a day, if possible, let the cool air upon them. When it is desired to change the water, the inmates must not be removed with the hands, but with a simple little net made of any thin material.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PLAIN SUET PUDDING.—One pint of milk, one-half pound of suet, chopped fine, three eggs well beaten; one-half teaspoonful of salt, add flour gradually until you have made a thick batter; tie in a cloth which has been dipped in boiling water, and well sprinkled with flour; let the water boil before putting in the pudding, and boil two hours. To be eaten with canned or preserved fruit.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three cups of flour, two tea-spoonfuls of saleratus, dissolved in a cup of boiling water, one egg, and ginger and salt to suit the taste. This will make two loaves. Bake in shallow tins.

POOR MAN'S SWEET CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one-half cup of butter, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half nutmeg, grated fine, flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in a slow oven.

MISS GREENE'S PRESENT.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

A hearty cheer rolled along the shore as they sprang to their places, and were lifted high on the surf

"Will they be in time, Matthew?" asked Mr. Graham of an old weather-beaten sailor, who was a great authority in nautical affairs.

"I doubt not, sir She struck amidships, and the rocks is a driving into her like nails under a hammer."

Just then the clouds lifted, and a cry of dismay ran along the beach as the ship was disclosed lying almost on her side, with heavy seas washing over her. Every now and then, too, the wind and the roar of the waves were lulled for a moment, and then could be heard the despairing cries of the poor people on the wreck. Duncan and Frank stood close together in utmost dismay. Nothing that they had ever read or pictured to themselves had given them the faintest idea of what a shipwreck really is, and they were for the moment quite unconscious of the wind and rain. Mr. Graham forgot them, too, in the excitement of preparations for the unhappy people who would probably be washed or brought ashore before the night was over. It was not the first time he had had to make such provision, and therefore he knew exactly how to set about it

In the meantime the lifeboat was gallantly breasting the waves, and nearing the fatal rock. No help could be given by those on the shore. Rockets were fired, but the distance was too great, and they failed to reach the ship. And now, as again the moon shone out, it was seen that the ship was breaking up. But the same gleam of light showed the lifeboat to be on her return journey, and two other boats were also struggling in her wake. The excitement became intense, and in a few more minutes willing hands were stretched out to assist the ill-fated passengers to shore, and the lifeboat was once more on her return journey

One only of the other boats reached a safe landing-place. The other was capsized in the surf some way from the shore, and though several of its passengers were saved by the exertions of the boatmen, the greater part were lost.

It was an emigrant ship outward bound, and the poor people who were being brought off, more dead than alive, had now lost everything, even the hope of doing better in a new country than they had done in England. Some of them seemed to care very little about their lives, and would have been content to reach an end of their sufferings.

CHAPTER III.

The Sunday broke in the calm loveliness of a summer morning. The sky was unclouded, and the sea came up with a heavy, solemn swell, very different from its raging anger of last night. Little flecks of froth and foam lay about on the shore, and masses of seaweed were entangled with ship-timber, masts, and wreckage.

There was still a crowd on the shore, not now endeavoring to save life, but with a base desire for booty. Wanborough had emptied its worst haunts, and men and women stood about on the beach this Sunday morning, thinking little of the awful sight of yesterday, and still less of the bodies which lay in the lifeboat receiving-house, and of the souls which had gone to their account.

Mr. Graham had only returned to his house in the early morning, when nothing more could be done for living or dead; but he had sent the boys back some hours before, and though at first they felt as if they should never be able to sleep again, they had had a pretty good night.

When Frank woke in the morning it seemed to him that he had been dreaming all night. Now he was on the tops of the waves in the lifeboat, and now he was catching at some object in the water. It was only when he saw Duncan standing at the window, gazing out earnestly towards the sea, that he realized what had happened.

"I'm awfully stiff," said Frank; "I can hardly lift my arm."

"So am I. It was hard work pulling at those ropes."

"I should think it was hard," replied Frank. "They haven't left much skin on my palms, I know. I say, Duncan, did you see that woman's face—the first they took out of the boat, you know? I wonder whether those two poor little children belonged to her?"

"I don't know," said Duncan. "It doesn't matter. They'll be looked after."

The boys came down to breakfast with an air of great importance. They were slightly wounded in the battle, and were proud of their scars, although it must be confessed that their assistance had been taken little account of by anybody but themselves.

To Arthur they appeared to be heroes of the first magnitude, and the questions which were asked them were bewildering and incessant.

"I say, one at a time!" exclaimed Duncan. "The sea made row enough last night, but you all make ten times more."

"Well then, Duncan," said Arthur, "do tell us. Was she a schooner or a brig? and did she have a pilot? and did she take the White Rock Lighthouse for Newport Point? and is the captain saved, or did he go down with the ship? and will he be washed ashore and buried by the other captain in the churchyard?"

"Oh, I say, Arthur," said Frank "how is a fellow to answer all that? And besides, don't you know that Mr. Graham sent us home before it was all over?" This was said in a slightly aggrieved tone of voice.

"My dear Frank, you were allowed to stay too long as it was. Do you know that when you came home you had not a dry thread upon you, and that you both looked as white as such brown boys can look? I intend to give Mr. Graham a little scolding for letting you stay as long as you did."

"Where is he?" asked the boys.

"In his study, having a quiet breakfast. He says he trusts he may never again have such an awful night, and he wants some time to himself to think over his sermon this morning."

"Mr. Graham is going to try to get the people to make a little fund for the unhappy creatures who have lost everything in the shipwreck. And of the ten who are drowned two are mothers, and the poor children are saved. Something must be done for them. The wives were going out to join their husbands in New Zealand. The ship was out of her course, and nobody knows yet whose fault it all is."

"Where are the little children?" asked Mr. Graham.

"Two of them are in the kitchen. Willis has given them some food, and has dried their clothes, which is all we can do for them at present."

"And the others?" said Clara.

"The others are older, and are with the old Shaws till to-morrow, when we must settle what is to be done with them."

"How many are saved altogether?"

"Between fifty and sixty, I believe; but some of them have already gone off to their friends, having some little money about them. Those who are left are quite penniless, and it is for them that the collection will be made this morning. I daresay you would all like to give, but I don't quite know how you are off for pocket-money."

"I have got plenty," said Kate, her castle in the air with regard to the present to the baby-sister falling to the ground.

"So have I! lots!" said Frank.

"I think your father would like you to give a little on such an occasion as this," said Mrs. Graham; "and if you have nothing to spare, Duncan and Clara, I can lend it to you." Clara blushed and muttered something about having enough, but Duncan would be "much obliged if Mrs. Graham would lend him half a crown, as he was rather hard up."

For a few minutes the four brothers and sisters, were left alone. Mrs. Graham went away to get the money, and Arthur followed her for his week's allowance, which he was very anxious to put into the offertory bag. The little Grahams had allowances as soon as they were old enough to go to church, in order that they might learn the true lesson of giving. They were not to offer of that which cost them nothing, but to deny themselves that they might have something of their very own to give.

"Did you really buy the watch then, Duncan?" said Clara.

"I've as good as bought it," he replied. "I went into the shop and asked about it. But he showed me a lot of others, and there's one at four pounds which is ever so much better. I think I'll wait till I can get that."

"But Mrs. Graham thinks you have got no money," said Frank.

"I don't care what she thinks; but she thinks quite right that I'm not going to spend my own money on nobody knows who."

"But what's the good of giving money that isn't your own?" asked Kate.

"And pray, why isn't one half-crown as good as another?" said Duncan. "If you'll just tell me that mine will buy more clothes or railway tickets than Mrs. Graham's, I'll give the subject my best consideration."

"I must say I think the collection is rather a bore," said Clara.

"I want a pair of earrings and

a feather for my hat, and I must do without one of them if I give. But I hadn't the face to ask for money as you did, Duncan."

"I didn't ask for it," he replied; "but I don't see why one should refuse a good offer."

Frank and Kate both saw that there was a mistake somehow in Duncan's idea of almsgiving, but they did not see their way to an explanation of their views. It was impossible to deny that, as far as the shipwrecked people were concerned, one half-crown was, as Duncan had said, "as good as another." The loss then, they felt convinced, must be in some way to himself, and this notion they were quite sure he would ridicule.

"Have you written about your canoe, Frank?" said Duncan; "it will be so jolly when you get it!"

At this moment Mrs. Graham returned with some silver in her hand.

"Here is your half-crown, Duncan. Would anybody else like some money?"

Clara would very much have liked to accept the offer, if it had not been for the previous conversation; but as it was Mrs. Graham took it for granted that she and others had money of their own, and as they did not speak she returned the silver to her purse.

"I should like some change, please, if you have i," said Frank.

"So should I," said Kate.

"Dear me, what rich children!" said Mrs. Graham, as they each held out a sovereign.

"Miss Greene's tip," explained Frank.

"Miss Greene! Poor thing, how kind of her!" said Mrs. Graham. "She is supporting an invalid brother now out of her small means, and spends nothing on herself. But your mother was her dearest friend, and she knows what heavy expenses your father has, so of course she likes to give you a little present."

For the moment, Duncan felt a twinge of conscience for having coveted a share of the remaining change out of the five-pound note; but this did not show itself in words, and he soon began to think of the delights of his watch, and to congratulate himself on his presence of mind in having begged the half-crown. For the moment the shipwreck had been uppermost in his thoughts, but now he retired to his room and once more counted out his available cash. The tempter must have already got some hold on him; for, for one instant he thought what a desirable addition the half-crown would be to his store, and considered as to whether an odd sixpence would not do for the church collection. Perhaps it was a glance at his mother's picture, perhaps it was the effect of her Sunday-morning prayer for him, thousands of miles away, that made him shudder at the thought of such a sin.

"DEAR ME, WHAT RICH CHILDREN!" SAID MRS. GRAHAM.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Graham wished in his sermon of that morning to awaken some real charity in the hearts of the well-to-do people of Wanborough. They sat in their own seats, not to be intruded on by the poor people; they had talked of the shipwreck over their plentiful breakfast-tables; and some had, for curiosity's sake, taken a turn upon the beach, and given way to a little shuddering as they passed the boat-house where were lying, dank and wet, the bodies of the ship's passengers.

And, now in church, they hoped to hear some details of what had happened, as it was known that the Vicar had been working on the beach all night, and that he generally alluded to any special event in his sermon.

Few, however, were prepared for his appeal. He took his text from that chapter of the Acts of the Apostles which describes the shipwreck of St. Paul, and dwelt upon the kindness which even a "barbarous" people showed the sufferers; who also honored them with many honors, and when they departed laded them with such things as were necessary. And this hospitality they exercised for three months.

"And what are you prepared to do for those whom God in His providence has thrown upon your shores? The answer to this question must be given to Him, and the alms which are now to be offered will, I trust, prove that it is worthy to be the answer of a Christian congregation." With these words Mr. Graham ended his earnest appeal.

Duncan had the half-crown which Mrs. Graham had given him in his hand. There was now no doubt in his mind as to his alms.

Clara had two coins in her pocket, a sixpence and a half-sovereign. More than once during the sermon she made up her mind to give the half-sovereign, and once she furtively looked at it to make sure of giving it. But unluckily, Grace and Millicent Hervey, friends of Clara's, had that very day put on new hats and bright-colored feathers; and Clara had visions of picnics and water-parties in which they would out-shine her. The sixpence would not make much difference, but if she gave the half-sovereign she must go without the feather. And she decided that she could not go without it. So she gave the sixpence, and comforted herself with knowing that nobody was the wiser.

Frank had for a moment been puzzled by Mrs. Graham's words. If Miss Greene had really intended her present to be a help to their father, it was perhaps hardly right to give it away at once. It should perhaps go to pay for something which Major Wells must otherwise have paid for. But then, again, it was pocket-money; and pocket-money, by whomsoever given, was intended for amusement; so, after all, it was a question between keeping the money for amusement and giving it away

The Family Circle.

MY BOUQUET.

A slender glass, and tall, all pencilled o'er
With graceful wheat, and pointed leaves, which seem
(So shadowy-sweet are they, while yet so clear)
Like the faint tracings of a flowery dream.

While drooping o'er the rim, and softly stirred
By the sweet breath of summer zephyrs stealing
Thro' the wide casement, tender feathery ferns,
And waving grass, their outlines fair revealing:

Serve as a foil to stateliness, which rears
High above all, on glistening "emerald stalks"
Its gorgeous chalices, and "carmine mouths;"
Haughty as when it bloomed down garden walks.

For stateliness like this there is a name,
For burnished glow with golden tints between,
Our English tongue the fierce and gentle weds,
Sly cruelty with loveliness of mien.

This name I leave for you to puzzle o'er
And mystery of my *rare* bouquet reveal;
Some blessings are too *common* to be prized,
The "*every-day*" rich beauty can conceal.

If you, my dearest, can the blossoms guess,
With brush and color make the riddle plain,
And clothe with all the richness they possess
My glass of flowers,—I'll fill the glass again!

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JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

(From the Sunday Magazine.)

CHAPTER IX.—*(Continued.)*

So, often when it rained they used to sit under porches, or in other covered places, and chatter away to one another by the hour together. There was one place in particular —a carpenter's yard—to which they often went. They had stolen cautiously into it one day during a heavy shower, hoping to attract no notice, but one or two of the men who were at work *had* noticed them, and spoken kindly to them, and one of them had given Janet a hunch of bread, which she and Tabby divided and ate as they stood amongst the shavings.

"Why, what do you two little women do wandering about the streets?" the man had said good-naturedly to them. "You ought to be at school, learning your books."

"Mother says we're to go to school presently," answered Tabby demurely; "but she don't like to send us now, 'cause we're so shabby!"

"Ah?" said the man pityingly, "you are shabby, to be sure." And then a little while afterwards, as they were going away, he called to them,—"Well, are you coming to see us again another day? You may if you like." And so they did come again; and presently as the weather grew colder, they got to come oftener, and the men would nod kindly at them as the two little figures came peeping in at the open door, and would let them sit down upon the heaps of wood, and stay there as long as they pleased to stay. It was such a quiet place that Janet liked it; it was so warm and sheltered, too, as the days grew cold. She was almost happy sometimes as she and Tabby sat talking there together. She used to go back to the streets, and to the work there that she loved so little, when these peaceful hours were ended, very sadly and unwillingly.

But Tabby, on her side, as you may guess, loved the excitement of the streets best. "It's so dull anywhere else," she would say. "There ain't nothing a going on. Now I likes things to be always a going on. When lots of people is a passing up and down you never know, you see, when you may get something." By which, of course, Tabby meant you never knew when you may either beg or steal something; for begging and stealing were the two thoughts that were perpetually in Tabby's mind,—they were the two great occupations and interests of her life.

She was always thinking of what naughty clever thing she could do to get food or money. She used to tell such dreadful stories to the people from whom she begged, that it made Janet's hair stand on end to hear her. She always said that she had six or eight brothers and sisters at home, and that her mother was ill with fever, or that her father had died last week, or that they had not been able to pay their rent, and that their landlord was going to turn them out of doors to-morrow; and she would implore the people to whom she told these things to come home with her, and see how true they all were, with such a piteous voice, and such an eager, pleading little face that, in terror lest anybody should do it, Janet's heart would jump into her mouth. Sometimes Tabby would get a little money by telling these naughty fibs, but often the people to whom she told them only shook their heads and passed on. For the most part they used not to believe Tabby's stories; they had heard too many stories of the same sort to believe them. On the whole I think, poor little Janet's sad and simple "Will you give me a penny, please?" was more effective than Tabby's made-up tales; but then Tabby, you remember, had two strings to her bow, and if Janet earned most by begging, Tabby's exploits with that second string of hers often threw Janet's small successes quite into the shade.

One day the little monkey was so fortunate as to snap up two half-crowns as they rolled over the door-step of a shop. A customer inside the shop had dropped her purse, and all the contents went tumbling out upon the floor, and these two half-crowns went Tabby's way as she chanced to be standing at the door, and in an instant were safe in Tabby's pocket.

"Oh, Tabby, give them back!" cried Janet in an agony. "She'll give you something. I daresay she'll give you a shilling if you do."

But Tabby had already bolted to the other side of the street, and treated Janet's proposal as if it was the proposal of a lunatic.

"Oh, my eye, won't we have a day of it! Oh! I do feel what we will do!" Did you ever go to a theatre?" cried Tabby, flushed with a sense of possessing unlimited wealth.

It was all in vain that Janet pleaded and protested; in the triumph of her heart Tabby danced along the pavement, and leaped and sang; and—let me confess the worst at once —that night she and Janet did go to a theatre with part of their ill-gotten gains, and saw a play there that, in spite of her shame and misery, remained stamped upon Janet's mind and heart for years to come, like some beautiful dream of fairy-land. For days afterwards the children talked about it, and acted bits of it to one another, and recalled the wonderful things that they had seen—the ladies and gentlemen in their gorgeous clothes, the marvellous creatures who had danced in gold and spangles, the groves of flowers, the mountain torrents, the moonlit gardens, the blaze of light. It was all to Janet a great and wonderful new world, of the like of which she had never before conceived.

"I wonder how people ever get to do such beautiful things! How clever they must all be! How can any little girl ever be so clever as to dance like that?" she said to Tabby over and over again.

"Oh, anybody could do it," answered Tabby, in whom the bump of veneration was not much developed. "Anybody could do it as was taught. I could, I know. There ain't nothing I couldn't learn dancing," and Tabby began to point her foot and pirouette.

"But you see you go tumbling over on one side at once," said Janet, a little bluntly, "That isn't like what they did a bit. Why, they went spinning round like tops. Oh, wasn't it wonderful? And waving their arms about, Tabby, didn't they wave their arms beautifully? Wasn't it like music?" cried Janet in an ecstasy.

"Well, anybody could do it, I know," repeated Tabby—"of course I means after learning a bit. You can't do nothiuk without learning. But if I'd got the right kind o' frock on, and them little white boots you'd just see. Oh, I wish we was a going back to-night!"

"So do I," said Janet, fervently.

"If I could only get a little more money—"

"Oh, no!" cried Janet with a face of distress.

"Well, you don't suppose we can go without money, do you?" asked Tabby scornfully.

"No—no, of course not, only—but I mean—oh, Tabby, don't let us go with stolen money any more. It's so dreadful! I know I was happy last night, in spite of it being wrong—but oh, please don't let us do it again!" cried Janet, with her heart on her lips.

"Well, you are a rum 'un," said Tabby. "You never knows how to enjoy anything. Why, if I was always a thinking of what was right and what was wrong, I wonder where I'd be."

"But I don't know how I can help it," said Janet wistfully.

"Well, you do as you like, and never think nothing at all," replied Tabby, giving this large and philosophical advice in such a light and off-hand way that Janet was quite quenched and extinguished by it, not knowing how to argue a question that—hard as it might be to her—Tabby's rapid mind seemed to have seen to the bottom of so neatly and entirely.

And indeed I am afraid that in their talks together poor little Janet was often silenced and perplexed by Tabby's swift, decided way of dealing with all sorts of knotty moral points; for, you see, nothing was ever a[illegible]bby; she never let any difficult questions puzzle or disturb her; she never dreamed, or hesitated, or repented, or wondered over things, as Janet did. Her theory of life was a very simple one. She never troubled herself about right or wrong, or good or evil. She had only two rules by which she regulated all her proceedings, and these were —to do all she liked, and to take all she could —the same rules by which the wild beasts guide their ways in the forests, and by which the birds live in the air, and the fishes in the sea.

Do you wonder that, being a lawless little creature of this sort, she should find any pleasure in the society of a child so different from herself as Janet? Well, Tabby too used to think this odd.

"I wonder how I comed to take up with you?" she said to her companion speculatively one day. "It's rum, ain't it? for you ain't a bit my sort. I'm up to anything, I am, and you, you couldn't say 'Bo' to a goose. You're such a poor-spirited thing—I can't think how you're to get on all your life—only drunk people and fools always get took care of some'ow, they say." And Tabby nodded her head cheerfully at the end of this address, and looked as if she thought she had made a speech that Janet must find particularly pleasant and comforting.

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But, oddly enough, Janet's poor little face did something that was not at all like brightening as she heard it.

"I'm sure I don't know how I am to get on," she answered sadly. "I suppose I should have been dead before now if I hadn't got with you. You—you've been very kind to me, Tabby," said Janet timidly.

"Oh, bother kindness," replied Tabby scornfully, and tried to look as if she did not care a straw for what Janet had said; but, though she tried to look so, yet in point of fact she did care for it, and perhaps she remembered Janet's speech long after Janet herself had forgotten that she had made it; for little street vagabonds like Tabby don't in a general way give much indulgence to their feelings, but yet most of them have a warm corner somewhere in their wild gipsy hearts, and Janet had unconsciously begun to steal into this warm corner in Tabby's.

Was it altogether because she was so helpless and feeble? I can't tell you; nor, if you had asked her, could Tabby either. I don't think we ever know much about why we love one person, and why we don't care about another. At any rate Tabby did not. She was too much a child to reason about almost anything; she was in most things too much like a young wild animal ever to think about anything. She only knew as time went on that she liked to be with Janet—even though Janet (in her sight) was no better than a weak and useless creature. She got into the way of thinking her quite weak and useless, and with the charming openness of childhood she used to her face to declare her opinion of her, in the simplest and frankest way in the world.

"You ain't got no more wit than a grasshopper," she would tell her. "I never knowed such a head-piece. Why, I think you'd stand before a brick wall, and never know you see it. One 'ud think as'ow you'd been born the day after to-morrow!"—and her contempt for Janet's mental powers and acquirements generally was so profound, that even poor Janet, little as she had ever been accustomed to think of herself, fell in her own estimation lower than ever, quite quenched and humbled by her companion's scorn.

And yet, in spite of her companion's scorn, she stuck to Tabby, and Tabby—which was odder still perhaps—stuck to her, and as the days went on the two children were almost inseparable. Many a wandering thing, I am afraid, was poured by Tabby's unscrupulous little tongue into Janet's ears; but, if Tabby often talked naughtily, Janet, happily for her, brought so pure and innocent a mind to the reception of Tabby's stories that the badness of them for the most part never hurt her, simply because she did not understand it. Some things that Tabby told her she knew were wrong, and some things she wondered at, hardly knowing if they were wrong or right; but the naughtiness of a good many she never took in or comprehended at all: for there are some natures to which evil is slow to cling, and Janet's was one of these.

So she listened with open ears while Tabby talked, and sometimes Tabby, seeing the innocent large eyes fixed on her face, would, as time went on, instinctively keep back some naughty word that she had got upon her lips, or would leave out some naughty bit in the tale that she was telling, or would occasionally even stop abruptly, with a feeling that she did not comprehend, and not tell the thing at all that she had meant to do.

"You're such a baby! I never knowed anyone so green," she would exclaim irritably, sometimes, after she had checked herself in this way. "I can't think how I puts up with you at all. But there, you can't help it, I suppose; so come on, and let's have one o'*your* stories. Let's hear some more about the pony and that old pa o' yours," And Janet, having grown accustomed by this time to the peculiar way in which Tabby gave her invitations, would placidly obey this order, and soon be chattering away about the things she loved so dearly to look back upon, with all her heart in every word she spoke.

It was a pleasant thing to Janet to talk about the years of her past life, and it was little wonder that she liked to do it; but it *was* a wonder, perhaps, that Tabby took any interest in hearing her, or cared, after she had finished her own highly flavored tales, to listen to the tame and quiet stories which were the only kind that Janet could tell. And yet she did care to listen to them. That quick little eager mind of hers, that craved continually for food, and got so little with which to satisfy it, seized on the vivid ides of Janet's quiet country life, and from its very contrast, I suppose, to everything that she herself was familiar with, in a curious kind of way became attracted to and possessed by it. Before the children had been together many weeks she was never tired of making Janet talk to her of all the things she used to do, and as Janet poured out her simple tales the other's bright imagination formed pictures of the places and the people and the scenes that were described to her, till, if you could have talked to her, you almost would have thought that she knew them all as familiarly as Janet knew them and had ridden the little brown pony through the shady lanes, and played in the old garden, and climbed the apple-trees, and taken tea in the Rectory parlor, and been acquainted with every old man and woman in the village as well as if she had spoken with her own lips to every one of them.

At first, indeed, for a time she used to look on these mild pleasures of Janet's with a good deal of contempt. She would sneer when Janet told her about the quiet walks in the sweet woods, about the ferns and wild flowers that she used to gather, about the church where her father preached.

"I wouldn't have to go to church for something," she would tell Janet. "Just fancy me a sittin' in a pew! I say if I ever was to go, I'd holler out!"

"Oh no, you wouldn't!" Janet would remonstrate in a shocked voice.

"Yes I would, just for fun, to see what they'd do. There's nothing I ain't up to. I'd—I'd think nothing o' running up the pulpit stairs and pinching the parson's legs," Tabby would add recklessly; and indeed, her conversation on this subject, and on various other grave subjects besides, was altogether of so irreverent a sort, that Janet, in the early days of their companionship, used to flush all over as she heard her till the blood tingled to her fingers' ends.

But as the weeks went on, somehow Tabby got to do something else than sneer at and make jests of the things that Janet cared for. That life that Janet had led seemed a queer enough life to her, but yet presently something, perhaps, in its simplicity and purity and gentleness, touched the wild, little lonely heart. It was as if she was hearing stories of another world,—of a world where nobody had any trouble, where no one ever fought or quarrelled, where the flowers were always blossoming and the trees were always green, and everybody was gentle and kind and good (for, looking lovingly back upon it all, this was what that lost world of hers seemed now to Janet's tender memory); and as she listened to these tales I think they gradually came to make a kind of dreamy far-off sunshine for her beyond the squalor of her present life, beyond its cold and hunger, beyond its blows and bitter words.

"If you and me keeps together till the summer comes, wouldn't it be a lark to go somewhere for a bit where there's fields, and trees!" she said one day to Janet. "I shouldn't care to stop long, I dare say; but wouldn't it be a game to go for a week or two, and see'em cut the corn or make the hay!"

"Oh, wouldn't it!" echoed Janet fervently, with the color in her face.

And then the two children, as they sat side by side, began to talk of how they would try to do this thing, and to go away into the

green country when the summer came,—if they kept together, as Tabby said.

But they never did it, though they planned it all. They never did it, because they did *not* keep together,—for Janet and Tabby had parted company for ever long before the summer came.

(*To be Continued*)

WORK.

It is supposed that many people over-work themselves, and such a nervous dread of this seems to haunt all ranks alike, that girls who might earn a good living are kept in idleness at home, because they "cannot undertake a hard place," young ladies remain ignorant and degenerate into helplessnes, for fear of too much strain being put upon their "delicate constitutions," and men in the full swing of professional or business life, enjoying abundant activity and happy when they find scope for the thorough exertion of their powers, as soon as a little ailment appears are tormentingly told they must "give up everything and rest." Work itself—hard and constant work—hurts no one. It is in the conditions under which work is done that the harm is found. Work in impure air, in a chamber where little sunshine enters, in excessive heat, on damp ground, at too long stretches without food, or under pressure of anxiety and hurry is work against serious odds. But the work itself, even under all these difficulties, entails no injury, and it may be even a question, which affords widest entrance for disastrous results from these circumstances—a state of work, or a state of rest? Probably the latter would involve the greater risk. Inaction is sometimes a valuable remedy in cases of disease or injury; but it is no more to be regarded as a justifiable habit, than opium is to be looked upon as an article of food. Indeed, for many complaints the antidote, preventive and curative, is work. When people complain of a sluggish liver, bad appetite, inability to sleep, wandering pains, an irritable temper, and morbid fears, in nine cases out of ten, supposing the absence of organic disease, the secret cause is no exercise. Brain, heart, lungs, liver, muscles, skin itself, all languish for want of work, and you may exhaust a whole Pharmacopœia of medicinal remedies, but the maladies complained of will never depart, unless they are driven away by work. The fact that there is a set of suffering peculiarly belonging to the rich and the unoccupied, points out the truth we are endeavoring to enunciate, and while those who depend for a livelihood on their own exertions may well be thankful that they are thus saved at least from a long list of miseries which others endure, the favored of fortune should take care that they do not turn fortune, who meant kindly to them, into a foe, by giving themselves up as a prey to what may be called the disease of quiescence, or rather of stagnation. We are quite aware that to those who love idleness, this is very unpalatable doctrine. But it is, nevertheless, the duty of the physician to uncover the ambush, and it is to be hoped that there are not a few who, when the danger is made evident, will have the common sense to avoid it. If we are not mistaken, social economy is as much concerned in this question as medical science, for how much discomfort of everyday life, in families looking to domestic servants for almost every act that requires the slightest muscular exertion, might be prevented, if the spirit of work were once evoked in the various members of the family itself. Physical work and mental work are alike good for everyone, and parents, however wealthy, would be wise if they trained all their girls as well as boys to both. Of course we do not advocate the unnecessary imposition of disagreeable menial tasks, but those who wish to have their names perpetuated in a vigorous race should not be afraid to soil their hands or tire their limbs, and they should accustom their children to daily duties of a kind sufficient to tax their industry and perseverance.—*League Journal.*

UNFETTERED PREACHING.

"The opening up of Scripture has not hitherto been all that it might have been. There has been plenty of 'lecturing,' 'expounding,' 'commenting,' and so forth; but not quite so much of letting the Book itself speak. Undoubted exhibition of truth there has been, but too often of truth cramped by logical swaddling-bands, if not actually in dead-clothes; too often of truth obscured in the presenting, like a light seen through a fog. Sometimes the creed, accepted beforehand and hereditarily, has given unconscious bias to the interpreter, and the Bible has become the fiddle on which he has played the tune of his own church, or of his own party. What the churches need, and what many souls are longing for, is not eloquent preaching, or passionate appeal, or philosophizing, or the ransacking of the Bible for 'proofs' of our doctrinal views, or for stones to fling at our theological adversaries, but the speaking out of God's Word, as apprehended in the deepest experience of our heart and conscience; the speaking of it freely and fearlessly, in language that all men can understand, which is to be done by those only who, being something more than grammarians or theologians, are spiritually *en rapport* with the Book, and have unfaltering confidence in the teaching of God Himself. The gain of all this would be immense. It would be the counteracting of those tendencies, perpetually asserting themselves, which would turn God's blessed Word into a kind of clever children's puzzle, as if God had given the Bible for the exercise of a small sharp ingenuity. It would put a stop to the trade of blowing religious soap-bubbles in the pulpit, which the pew is expected to admire and of that 'spiritualizing,' such as finds the doctrine of the Trinity in the baker's dream of three baskets, and which is one of the most mischievous accomplishments a man can have. It would be the answer by anticipation to all the heresies. It would do very much to secure and consolidate the results of 'revival,' for any revival will be shallow and evanescent, and associated with things to deplore, and followed by double lassitude, if we do not bring out for use the mighty meanings of the Book, and that in the shape and connection which God has given them. And I am sure it would contribute greatly to the clearing away of doubts and perplexities and the deepening of Christian joy."—*Scottish Baptist Magazine.*

THE EARLIEST PRINTED BOOKS.

The first printed book bearing a date is the *Psalter* of Fust and Schoeffer, 1457. A portion of the Bible was printed by Gutenberg and Fust in 1450, but the work was so expensive and so imperfect that it was abandoned. In 1452, after Schoeffer joined the firm, another Bible is supposed to have been printed, but no copy of it is known to exist. Of course it is well known that many of the earliest printed books are without date, but none could have been printed before 1450; and there is no proof, we believe, that the Bible said to be of 1455 bore that or any date. In that year the firm of Gutenberg, Fust and Schoeffer dissolved. L. Grégoire in his *Dictionnaire Encyclopedique* published in Paris in 1817, says that there are only three or four copies of the First Bible known to exist. Dr. Storrs, however, says, without giving his authority, that there are fifteen.

The sole idea of the early printers was to imitate exactly the manuscript characters of the scribes. The initial letters of the Bibles and the numbers of the chapters were therefore added with a pen in blue and red ink alternately; and there is not the slightest doubt that these first books were palmed off upon an unsuspecting public as manuscripts. All the servants or employees of Fust and Schoeffer were put under solemn oath to divulge nothing of the secret concerning printing. It is to the policy which the first printers exerted to conceal their art that we owe the tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus. Fust having printed off quite a number of Bibles, and had the large initial letters added by hand, he took them to Paris and sold them for about fifty dollars apiece. The scribes demanded about ten times that sum, and they earned the money, for it must have been an herculean task to copy, as they did, every letter of the Bible with such exquisite care, and then draw and illuminate the heads of the chapters and the initial letters. It was a marvel how this new man could produce these ponderous books at so low a rate. And then the uniformity of the letters and the pages increased the wonder, until the cry of "sorcerer" was raised: complaints before the magistrates were made against him, his lodgings were searched and a great number of copies were found and confiscated. The populace in their ignorance and superstition declared that he was in league with the devil, and that the red ink with which the books were embellished was his blood. It is a satisfaction to know that the Parliament of Paris passed an act to discharge the sorcerer from all prosecution in consideration of the usefulness of his art.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

DRAWING IN SCHOOLS.

The motives that have led educational boards to adopt this as a part of common school work, may be briefly put as follows. First, its great value of developing the faculty of observation, and comparison and thus, second, its immense utility as a preparation for skilled labor of any kind in its vast application to the varied crafts of a civilized community.

The truth is, that our conception of what a grammar school should do has been undergoing a change, and we now measure its efficiency by a different standard. In the walks of teachers, and out, the thinking have asked what the future citizen most wants in common school training, and what we can get in the years allotted to school life. A large number of the employers of practically skilled labor, affirm that he wants that training of the eye and hand that will turn his labor to almost immediate account in some field of industry, and that he may get this instruction in drawing in the public school. The truth of this is revealed by degrees. The ability to learn to draw has been already shown to be as common as the ability to learn to read or write, and the difference in results among pupils need not be greater, and in some schools is not now greater. Every mechanical and artistic calling that has had this previous training, affirms its value. It helps educate a set of faculties that history, arithmetic, and grammar hardly touch, and so may diminish friction and waste in life.

It is worth while to recollect that in a given mechanical calling, the knowledge of capabilities of material, of the use of instruments in its working, manual dexterity in applying power, and a quick and accurate perception of the forms to be gained, constitute the good workman's outfit, that the third of these divisions of ability being possessed at the entering of a calling, leaves the learner largely free to concentrate his efforts upon the second.

Here, then, we look for two things as certain a far more rapid advance in manual skill, and the minimum of waste in material. From this we may clearly see that the advocates of this discipline in forms, as a thing to be insisted on in elementary education, have good ground to believe in greater mechanical skill, and less waste of time in what may be the productive part of life. This also will diminish crime. Ability to get bread honestly, always does. In thus educating the entire community in one of the foundations of a trade, we get also this gratuity—the occasional revelation of a genius. That art in some of its many forms may be advanced, and mediocrity sit at the feet of ability and learn, is one of the roads to higher civilization.—*N. E. Ed. Journal.*

LEARNING FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

The Russian is said to acquire languages with facility, and it is certainly not uncommon to meet such who "speak in tongues" with ease and elegance. There is no doubt that the elegant ex-Minister to Germany, Mr. Bancroft, speaks German with a degree of fluency and neatness second only to the cultured native. It seems that M. Thiers cannot speak English, but the French confine themselves to their own language as a matter of principle and vanity, and, besides, we can not expect M. Thiers to do everything. Goethe was at home in French, but the admirer of Schiller will remember how annoyed this great poet was in the presence of Madame De Staël on account of his imperfect command of French. It would seem from these few instances that while the entire better class of a people, as the Russians, acquire several languages with some uniformity, and while waiters, and clerks pride themselves on the possession of several languages, the great Schiller, or Thiers, or Pitt, never mastered nor could master them. The one whose ideas have no higher range than a piece of meat we find excelling the poet. Possibly, with equal advantages, the cook might surpass the philosopher, just as he might excel him in a foot-race, simply because he may have devoted his gigantic intellect to his training. Practical experience then is essential. There is no royal road to a language. Speaking a language requires a plan of mastery different from the means used in learning to read or write it, the grammar is the common ground, but in learning to speak the completion of the grammar is only the beginning of wisdom. When the Duke of Wellington was asked how he spoke French, with some humor and soldierly pride, he answered, "with the greatest intrepidity," which quality is very essential, but at the same time is only possible or reasonable after one has a knowledge of the structure of a language. Whether a man be great or small, he can not learn without effort, and without practical experience with all sorts of men in all sorts of affairs. It is certain that a language may be taught and learned; but it is no holiday matter, and not a matter of a few months, nor will be until the royal road is discovered. The student enlists not for six months, but for the war, when he enlists in a language.

THE EDUCATION OF CANARIES.—A gentleman residing at Phœnixville, Pa., has several very fine canary-birds, to which he has given much attention. One of the birds he has taught to sing "Home, Sweet Home," clearly and distinctly. His mode of instruction is as follows: He placed the canary in a room where it could not hear the singing of other birds, and suspended its cage from the ceiling, so that the bird would see its reflection in a mirror. Beneath the glass he places a musical-box, that was regulated to play no other tune but "Home, Sweet Home." Hearing no other sounds but this, and believing the music proceeded from the bird it saw in the mirror, the young canary soon began to catch the notes, and finally accomplished what its owner had been laboring to attain, that of singing the song perfectly.—*Reading Eagle.*

SELECTIONS.

—Remember, there is a witness everywhere, and a book in which every action is recorded, and from which no record is ever blotted out, except by the precious blood of Christ.

—Then said the pilgrims one to another: "We have need to cry to the Strong for strength." Shepherd "Ay, and you will have need to use it when you have it, too."—*John Bunyan.*

—It is not long days but good days that make the life glorious and happy; and our dear Lord is gracious to us who shorteneth, and hath made the way to glory shorter than it was; so that the crown that Noah did fight for five hundred years, children may now obtain.—*Rutherford.*

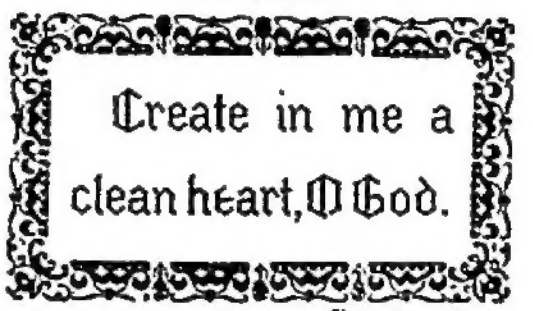
—A Christian minister once said: "I was never of any use until I found that God did not make me for a great man. As soon as I found out I was not intended for a great man, I found souls coming into the kingdom." It is not great men we want in the Church of God to-day; it is earnest, warm-hearted men.

—The venerable Professor Stowe said on one occasion, that more than half a century ago, he took a tract to a plain untutored colored woman, on the borders of the Massachussetts town where he lived, thinking it would be a better help to her than the Bible to which she had been shut up. On a later visit he was told by her, as she thanked him for his kindness, that she could not understand the tract as she could the Bible. "Ah!" said the Professor, in telling this story, "I learned then a lesson I've never forgotten. God knows best how to write a book for His own children." There is no help to enquirers so simple and so safe as the Word of God.

—Praise people whenever you can truthfully, instead of blaming them on every possible occasion. Every body needs a little encouragement in life, and there are more opportunities of giving it than is generally realized. In general we are quick to notice deficiencies and faults in husband, wife, child, and friend; but scores of good qualities and numberless pleasant attentions pass unnoticed, as a matter of course. If the breakfast is late, the coffee poor, the biscuit burned, we are ready enough to find fault, but if every thing is nice and good, how often does the care-taker hear a word of commendation? If Charley comes to table with soiled hands and rough-and-tumble hair, or if Susie leaves her room in turmoil and disorder, they are reprimanded. But if the boy is nice and tidy, and the girl has put her room in good order, what then? Is some appreciation of these things shown?—*Bazar.*

WORK.—In a few weeks every lady of temperance principles in Montreal, who is mistress of a house, will have an opportunity to do good work in the cause. Mr. Thomas Crathern informs the public, through the WITNESS, that he is to open a first-class family grocery, on temperance principles. Every lady can determine that she will patronize this temperance grocery, and so prove that it is not necessary to sell liquor in order to do a thriving business.

HON. MR. GLADSTONE ON THE LORD'S DAY.—Mr. Charles Hill, of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, London, recently received from a society in Geneva a prize of 300*f.* for an essay on "Sunday, its Influence on Health and National Prosperity." The essay is to be printed in English as well as in French, and Mr. Gladstone was applied to by the author to write a few words of introduction. In reply, he said he regretted he was unable, from the pressure of other duties, to enter further into the subject of Mr. Hill's letter than to congratulate him on the distinction he had obtained, and to express his hearty good wishes for the design of the essay. Believing in the authority of the Lord's Day as a religious institution, he must, as a matter of course, desire the recognition of that authority by others; but over and above this, he had himself, in the course of a laborious life, signally experienced both its mental and its physical benefits. He could hardly overstate its value in this view; and for the interest of the working men of this country, alike in these and in other yet higher respects, there was nothing he more anxiously desired than that they should more and more highly appreciate the Christian day of rest.



PSA. 51.. 10.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The success of the apostles and the rapid growth of the early Christian Church aroused the envy of the Jews, and they arrested and cast the apostles into prison.

LESSON X.

JUNE 4.]

THE APOSTLES IN PRISON. [30 to 33 A. D.]

READ Acts v. 12-26. RECITE vs. 19, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf. 1 Peter iv. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH. The world hates Christ's disciples.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts v. 12-26. *T.*—Rom. xv. 17-33. *W.*—John xiv. 12-29. *Th.*—Luke xxi. 5-24. *F.*—Acts xxv. 1-19. *Sa.*—Matt. x. 16-30. *S.*—Ps. lxxx viii. 1-18.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that the apostles were commanded to go into the temple and speak, though that seemed to be running into danger. It is wise to brave danger when God directs us, but not otherwise.

NOTES.—*Solomon's Porch* (see Lesson V.) *Sadducees*, one of the leading religious sects or parties among the Jews, when or how formed is not certainly known. They denied the existence of angels and spirits, and there was no resurrection, did not regard tradition nor unwritten laws as any guide in religion; held to the absolute or complete freedom of man's will; were not as numerous as the opposite party of Pharisees, but were found in the highest councils of the Jews in the time of Christ. After the first century they disappear from history. *Senate.*—"Probably the *elders*, including, perhaps, some who were not members of the Sanhedrim." *(Alford.)*

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) APOSTLES WORKING MIRACLES. (II.) APOSTLES IN PRISON. (III.) APOSTLES DELIVERED.

I. APOSTLES WORKING MIRACLES. (12.) **signs . . wonders**, (see Acts iv. 30); **all**—that is, "all the apostles, not all Christians" *(Alford)*. (13.) **the rest**, all besides the apostles, or all besides *true* believers. **Join them**, make himself equal to the apostles *(Alford)*, or more probably, no more pretended disciples, hypocrites like Ananias and Sapphira, dare join them; **magnified**, praised, honored them. (15.) **insomuch**, the power and popularity of the apostles was so great (see v. 12), **overshadow**, people thought Peter's shadow would cure the sick. (16.) **vexed**, tormented, afflicted (Mark xvi. 17). **healed every one**, wonderful power!

I. Questions.—What were wrought by the apostles? Where were they? Describe Solomon's Porch. Who dared not join them? Who praised them? What is said of the increase of the Church? v. 14. How did the people show their anxiety to have the sick healed? How did they show their confidence in the apostles' power? What classes of sick people were brought for healing? With what success?

II. APOSTLES IN PRISON. (17.) **high priest**, Annas (chap. iv. 6), **sect**, the party; **Sadducees**, (see Notes), **indignation**, or "envy," "jealousy." (18.) **laid hands**, arrested them; **common prison**, public prison, prison for common criminals.

II. Questions.—Who were stirred up against the apostles? Why? What did they do with them? Why did they put them in prison? When had they threatened some of the apostles?

III. APOSTLES DELIVERED. (19.) **brought them**, deliverance from God (Acts xii. 7; xvi. 26); **in the temple**, the angel calls on them to act fearlessly. (21.) **early**, literally, "at break of day." **council**, Sanhedrim—that is, the highest Jewish court; **senate**, some say the "Sanhedrim" of seventy, and two other courts of twenty-three each, making one hundred and sixteen in all. (26.) **doubted**, were troubled to know the result of this. (34.) **then**, or "And one rose;" **without violence**, mildly by an invitation, or a request, perhaps. **stoned**, either condemned and stoned to death, or stoned as by a mob.

III. Questions.—Who delivered the apostles from prison? When? With what command? How was it obeyed? At what time of the day? Who were sent to find the apostles? By whom? Where? What did they find secure? Who were standing on guard? What did they find in the prison? What effect had this news on the council? How did they hear where the apostles were? How were they brought? Why so carefully? What does this lesson teach us in regard to boldness in Christian work?

Illustration.—*Angel's help.* Theodorus, an early Christian martyr, when put to extreme torments, saw a young man in white by him, who softly wiped off the sweat and bade him be of good cheer. When his tormentors took him from the rack the angel was gone.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The apostles, delivered from prison by an angel, preach in the temple, and are brought before the Jewish council, defended by Gamaliel, beaten and discharged.

LESSON XI

JUNE 11.]

THE APOSTLES BEFORE THE COUNCIL [About 30 to 33 A. D.]

READ Acts v. 27-42. RECITE vs. 28, 29, 41.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts v. 27-42. *T.*—Dan. vi. 4-24. *W.*—Isa. lx. 6-21. *Th.*—John. xiv. 15-26. *F.*—Isa. xiv. 9-25. *Sa.*—Rom. v. 1-21. *S.*—1 Pet. iv. 7-19

GOLDEN TEXT. If God be for us, who can be against us? Rom. viii. 31.

CENTRAL TRUTH. Christ is above all human authority.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that the apostles in disobeying the council expected to suffer and therefore did not complain, but rather rejoiced in their shameful beating because it was for Christ's sake.

NOTES.—*Gamaliel.* A celebrated Jewish teacher, Paul was one of his pupils (Acts xxii. 3), he gave prudent advice to the council in regard to the apostles, is supposed to be the same as the Great Rabbin Gamaliel, grandson of the famous Hillel, he was president of the council under Tiberius, Claudius, Caligula. Christian tradition says he was baptized by Peter and Paul, but Jewish writers claim, probably correctly, that he died a Pharisee, eighteen years before the destruction of Jerusalem. *Pharisee.* The Pharisees were a leading Jewish sect or party, their origin is uncertain, they rose to great power, were the popular party in our Lord's day, they held to the traditions of the elders, resurrection, and a future life in opposition to the Sadducees but were very formal in their religion, and were severely reproved by the Lord. *Theudas.* A man of this name pretended to be a prophet, caused an outbreak, and was put to death by the Romans, according to Josephus, ten or twelve years after Gamaliel's speech. Some say the noted insurgent Matthias in the days of Herod the Great, is referred to. he was burnt alive, his Greek name was Theodatus or Theudas. *Judas of Galilee.* He declared it was unlawful to submit to foreign rulers, from him, it is supposed, came the Zealots of later times.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) THE APOSTLES' PLEA. (II.) GAMALIEL'S PLEA. (III.) THE APOSTLES SET FREE.

I. THE APOSTLES PLEA. (28.) **straitly**, strictly; **doctrine**, teaching. **this man's**, they hated to say "Jesus." (30.) **our fathers** (Acts iii. 13). **on a tree**, mild word for "cross." (31.) **prince** (Heb. xii. 2). **give repentance**. Luke xxiv. 47. (32.) **and . . . Holy Ghost**, gift of the Spirit was a witness for Christ.

I. Questions.—How were the apostles accused before the council? What was said to be their object? What was the chief point in their plea? v. 29. Of what sin did they charge the council? What had Jesus provided for Israel? What witnesses were then of these things?

II. GAMALIEL'S PLEA. (33.) **cut or "sawn asunder."** (34.) **Gamaliel** (see Notes); **had in reputation**, highly respected. **put . . . forth**, put the apostles out of the council-room. (36.) **Theudas** (see Notes). (37.) **dispersed**, scattered. (38.) **refrain**, stop opposing them. (39.) **haply**, by chance, perhaps.

II. Questions.—What effect had the apostles' plea on the council? Who rose to quiet the council? What order did he give? v. 34. What caution? State the two facts he gave to enforce his counsel. What was his final advice? Why? Why should they have known whether there works were of God or not?

III. THE APOSTLES SET FREE. (40.) **called the apostles**, into the council room again. **beaten**, by whipping. Matt. x. 17. (41.) **counted worthy**, disgraced by men for the glory of God. (42.) **daily**, preaching and teaching every day, not on Sabbaths only.

III. Questions.—With what punishment and order were the apostles set free? In what did they rejoice? In what did they engage? Why did they not obey the council? What may we learn from the diligence of the apostles in teaching Christ?

> A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
>
> PROV. 22, 1.

— We desire it to be understood that we cannot accept any contributions sent in to the MESSENGER as the space is already fully occupied.

— The real work in the combination prize competition has hardly begun. But now that the roads are good and our young friends can move around comfortably we expect to receive a large number of letters from competitors. Do not be afraid to send in small amounts, for the largest remittance can only be composed of single subscriptions.

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	Subscription post paid.	Deduction on Remittances for new subs
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For fourth	do	do	4th do	10
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For sixth	do	do	6th do	7
For seventh	do	do	7th do	6
For eighth	do	do	8th do	5
For ninth	do	do	9th do	4
For tenth	do	do	10th do	3

II. We want this year to introduce the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY everywhere, and will give an additional prize of $15 to the person who sends us the largest amount in subscriptions to this magazine during the time above stated, whether they compete for the other prizes or not. All the subscriptions for this prize count in the other as well.

III. To the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, either for three, six or twelve months, we will give a prize of $10. This prize is not open to the winner of No. 2. Three or six months will count as much as a whole year.

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